Goynge from the order shewed by scrypture
As appeareth by your boke/ doth rayle at your pleasure

¶ Then you shewe your self to have ben in far cõtrayes
Deserybynge the maner, how berdes they vse there
And after this sorte your boke so sayes
In token of auncyentnes this thynge is cleare
Sage men vse beardes there for to weare
Which thynge you rekyn in them for great sadnes
And Englyshe men the contrary, a poynt of madnes.

¶ Nowe it is but foly this matter to delate
Marke in auncyent storyes bothe newe and olde
Loke who was beardyd, was euer in estate
As a man of reputacyon, he myght be bolde
Yf ought were spoken/ the beardyd man it tolde
Thus were the beardyd men in hygh estymation
And loke who had none/ was of small reputation.

¶ In a bearde doth manhode playnely consyste
The sygne of a bearde, strength doth sygnifye
This is founde in naturall thynges serche who lyste
The prudent Philosophers, this doth testyfye
Who lyst in them to serche shall fynde it playnely
And loke who hath no bearde, it is a sygne he is no man
And syll he haue a bearde, he is much lyke a woman

¶ Yf you wyll knowe the thynge to a bearde belongyng
That is graunte sadnes, and lykewyse discretion
Full of force or strength alwayes in his wurkynge

And what of many women man, that plety the courte
And wot you what they say, they marueyle what you are
They iudge you sene in cranes dyet & cal you mayster phi
(sitar.

¶ Now for bycause perchaunce/ men wyll iudge
Malyce sholde increase betwyxte you and me
I do you to wyt I nother murmur nor grudge
But yf men shall wryte, let them wryte honestly
Notwithstandynge, that I speke but merely
Prayenge you hartely, to take it as you lyst
For I must nedes prayse beardes and yours were hepyst

¶ Thus for feare I be to tedyous/ I wyll make mende
Prayenge you hartely/ to be content
For I thynke you and I/ haue spent much wynde
yet notwithstandynge/ after my iugement
Take a gostly father/ and confesse you this lente
So shall you be cleane/ as the howre you were borne
And haue as cleare a soule/ as he that wereth a horne

¶ Now you knowe my mynde/ of the somme and all
In case you be angry loke that you freyst
Take a wylpe and rubbe your selfe on the gall
Tyll that you haue gotten you a knauyshe heyte
Then walke vp and downe/ and loke that you swete
And I praye you hartely/ take no colde
For I had rayther se you hylthe/ then that you so sholde

¶ This at the last/ but that I haue forgotten
I thought in mynde/ to say fare well
I trowe cothes body I am forspoken
I wolde [illegible] at the deuyll of hell

ow of beardes you make, your deffinition
ayntyng mens beardes, after a straunge sorte
knewe by that you were a phylycyon
nd in ars Phyconomye, had great speculacyon
neuer herd clener rethorike, synce the hour I was borne
tuged when I red it, you were borne vnder Capricorne

I maruayle greatly, you beynge a phylycion
nd knoweth vnto man, it is geuen by nature
o haue of heare abundaunce, by goddes creacyon
ou wyll not this denye I am perfecte and sure
n case that you do, you may say your pleasure
But this wyll I say, in our Englysshe speche
nd you loue a bearde no better, synge that of your breth

It is a straunge thynge, to heare your phantasy
aw goodly your bearde, you wolde deuyse
multerdeuelyce wolde become you pretely
You say you loue a beardc, after that gyse
ut and I myght make you one, it shold be on this wyse
ycause I vnderstande your name is mayster Boozde
ou shold haue an antike beard of a whelpes toozde

ow by Jesu you make me not a lytell to study
hat shulde be the cause you hate so a beardc
perchaunce, one made you afrayde
beynge bare, some conynge

Foz you studye moze the Philicke, I perceyue it well
But before oz you enter, I wyll you pzomoote
To some that shall dzawe your beardc vp by the roote

Foz I tell you, I do not loue them that be heary
I am of that opynyon, as well as you
Therefoze I wolde, that you sholde now spedely
p[illegible]e vp your beardc, then wyll it loke newe
[illegible]de as a Coote, this thynge is trewe
[illegible] bewake I say, of the frosty weder
And whe you wyll be shaue take a dysshe clout oz a fedet

I maruayle not a lytell, as god shall helpe me
To se a man inuey, after suche a fashyon
Exceptynge men, that are in great dygnite
That it is lawfull, you make pzobation
To weare theyz beardes, but marke your conclusyon
you are so cyzcumspecte, and speakes so playnely
Loke who wereth beardes, you call it knauery

I you saye vnder beardes, be bothe lyce and nettes
Pockes and pockerelles, there doth remayne
I thynke yf a man loked betwyxte
I man myght fynde there, perchaunce
Good stoze of scabbes, in your breche
Beynge vnder beardes, dyseases are
By lyke whe you had a beard, you were

¶ Imprynted at London in Pater noster
rowe at the sygne of our Lady pytye by
Johñ Redman for Rychard bankes
Cum priuilegio Regali ad
imprimendum solum.

¶ Johñ Bych Clerke/ to
the ryghte excellent
Doctor in Phisike
Andrewe Borde.

AS I chaunced for to walke, for my recreacyon
To passe the tyme forth, to peruse a certayn thin
I sawe two stande in communicacyon
And i theyr hand a boke, wherbpō they were redi
I waylyd my bonet, with that they were smylynge
That not regardynge, I passed forth by
With that the one called me, wyllynge to come ny

¶ I merueyled not a lytell, what was theyr intent
To call me so haskely, this thynge is playne
In excellent worke, to me they dyd present
Instantly prayenge me, to take the payne
To answer to your mayster shyp that herdes doth dissdai
And so vpon that, they betoke me the boke
Prayenge me hartely, it to ouer loke

¶ Wherin full vngodly, your doge ryme doth reporte
Rede it who wyll, no doubte he shall synde
Nothynge you do but rayle on euery sorte
As a man halfe dystraught, wantynge his myndo
So that onles, you wolde make men blynde
Marke who wyll in your boke, in maner one and all
You make all men knaues, yet are you the pryncypall

¶ Thus [illegible] I haue red it, I [illegible]